The Brethren

By RIDER HAGGARD, Author of "She," "King Solomon's Mines," Etc.

Coppright, 1903-1904, by Rider Haggard

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(Continued from Last Week)

Ob, I would that I were dead who ve lived to bring all this woe upon both and upon that great heart, ouds. I say, Wulf. I would that I re dead," said Rosamund.

Like enough the wish will be fuled before all is done," answered off wearily, "only then I pray that I y be dead with you, for now, Rosad Godwin has gone forever as I r, and you alone are left to me. e let us cease complaining, since dwell upon these griefs cannot help and be thankful that for awhile at st we are free. Follow me, Rosa-nd, and we will ride to this nunnery

and you shelter if we may." they rode on through the narrow ets that were crowded with scared ple, for now the news was spread the embassy had rejected the as of Saladin. He had offered to the city food and to suffer its inbitants to fortify the walls and to d them till the following Whitsunif, should no help reach them, they ald swear to surrender then. But ev had answered that while they had they would never abandon the ce where their God had died.

o now war was before them-war to end. And who were they that must ar its brunt? Their leaders were in or captive, their king a prisoner, ir soldiers skeletons on the field of ttin. Only the women and children, sick, the old and the wounded reined, perhaps 80,000 souls in all, but w of whom could bear arms. Yet e few must defend Jerusalem ainst the might of the victorious racen. Little wonder that they alled in the streets till the cry of er despair went up to heaven.

rushing their path through this sad altitude, who took little note of them, length they came to the numery on sacred Via Dolorosa,

Here the porter told him that the as were at prayer in their chapel. ulf replied that he must see the lady bess upon a matter which would not lay, and they were shown into a cool d lofty room. Presently the door ened, and through it came the abss in her white robes, a tall and tely Englishwoman of middle age, o looked at them curiously.

"Lady Abbess," said Wulf, bowing w, "this lady is the daughter and ress of Sir Andrew D'Arcy, my ad uncle, and in Syria the Princess Baalbec and the niece of Saladin."

he abbess started and asked: Is she, then, of their accursed faith, her garb would seem to show?"

omer, Baid a Christian, if a sinful one, and I de here to seek sanctuary lest when y know who I am and he clamors at ir gates my fellow Christians may nder me to my uncle, the sultan." Tell me the story," said the abbess. d they told her briefly, while she lis-ed, amazed. When they had finished

Alas, my daughter, how can we e you, whose own lives are at ke? That belongs to God alone. what we can we will do gladly, here, at least, you may rest for e short while. At the most holy ar of our chaper you shall be given actuary, after which no Christian n dare lay a hand upon you, since do so is a sacrilege that would cost h his soul. Moreover, I counsel that be enrolled upon our books as a vice and don our garb. Nay," she ded, with a smile, noting the look of rm on the face of Wulf, "the Lady samund need not wear it slways unsuch should be her wish. Not ry novice proceeds to the final

long have I been decked in gold broldered sliks and priceless gems." wered Rosamund, "and now I seem esire that white robe of yours more anything on earth."

there Wulf left her and, riding away. rted himself to Ballan of Ibelin, elected commander of the city, who sglad enough to welcome so stout a ght where knights were few.

It was evening, and Godwin's tired stumbled slowly through the at camp of the Saracens without the is of fallen Ascalon. None hindered for, having been so long a priser, he was known by many, while rs thought that he was but one of surrendered Christian knights. So came to the great house where Salalogged and hade the guard take his be to the sultan, saying that he ved audience of him. Prusen s admitted and found Saladin in council among his ministers Bir Godwin," he said sternly, how you have dealt by me, nge you back into my camp? I

brethren your lives, and you

hed me of kine whom I would

"We did not rob you, sire," answered Godwin, who knew nothing of this plot. "Nevertheless, as I was sure that you would think thus I am come from Jerusalem, leaging the princess and my brother there, to tell the truth and to surrender myself to you that I may bear in her place any punishment which you think fit to indict upon the woman Masouda."

"Why should you bear it?" asked Sal-

"Because, sultan," answered God win sadly and with bent head, "whatever she did she did for love of me, though without my knowledge. Tell me, is s'in still here or has she fled?"

"She is still here," answered Saladin shortly. "Would you wish to see her?" Godwin breathed a sigh of relief. "I do," he answered, "once, if no more. I have words to say to her."

"Doubtless she will be glad to form how her plot prospered," said Sala lin with a grim smile. "In truth, it was well laid and boldly executed."

Calling to one of his council, that same old imaum who had planned the casting of the lots, the sultan spote with him aside. Then he said:

'Let this knight be led to the woman Masouda, Tomorrow we will judge

Taking a silver lamp from the wall. the imaum beckoned to Godwin, who bowed to the sultan and followed. They passed down long passages. They came to a door, which the imaum, who hobbled in front, unlocked.

'She is under ward, then?" said God-

"Aye," was the answer, "under ward. Enter." And he handed him the lamp. "I remain without."

So Godwin took the lamp and went in, and the door was shut behind him. Surely the place was familiar to him. He knew that arched roof and these rough stone walls. Why, it was here that he had been brought to die, and through that very door the false Rosamund had come to bid him farewell, who now returned to greet her in this same darksome den. Well, it was empty. Doubtless she would soon come, and he waited, looking at the door.

It did not stir. He heard no footsteps. Nothing broke that utter silence. He turned again and stared about him. Something glinted on the ground yonder toward the end of the vault, just where he had knelt before the executioner. A shape lay there. Doubtless it was Masouda imprisoned and asleep.

"Masouda," he said, and the sounding echoes from the arched walls answered back, "Masouda!"

How sound Masouda slept! Would she never wake? He knelt down beside her and put out his hand to lift the long hair that hid her face:

Now it touched her, and, lo, the head

Then, with horror in his heart, Godwin held down the lamp and looked. Oh, those robes were red and those lips were ashen. It was Masouda, whose spirit had passed him in the desert-Masouda, slain by the headsman's

Godwin rose to his feet and stood ver her still shape as a man stands in a dream, while words broke from his lips and a fountain in his heart was unscaled.

"Masouda," he whispered, "I know now that I love you and you only henceforth and forever, oh, woman, with a royal heart. Wait for me, Masouda, wherever you may dwell,"

While the whispered words left his lips it seemed to Godwin that once more, as when he rode with Wulf from



The man went down like a felled ox.

Ascalon, the strange wind blew about his brow, bringing with it the presence of Masouda and that once more the unearthly peace sank into his soul.

Then all was past and over, and he turned to see the old imaum standing

"Did I not tell you that you would find her sleeping?" he said, with his bitter, chuckling laugh. "Call on her, Knight; call on her. Love, they can bridge great guifs, even that

veen severed neck and bosom." ith the silver lamp in his hand lwin smote, and the man went n like a felied ox, leaving him once in silence and in darkness.

his brain was filled with pre, and he, too, fell-fell across the corpse of Masouda and there lay still.

CHAPTER XXII.

ODWIN knew that he lay sick, but save that Masouda seemed to tend him in his sickness. he knew no more, for all the past had gone from him.

He knew also that he traveled while he was ill, for at dawn he would hear the camp break up with a nighty noise and feel his litter lifted by slaves who bore him along for hours across the burning sand till at length the evening came, and with a humming sound like the sound of hiving bees the great army set its bivouac.

At length that journey was done, and there arose new noises as of the roar of battle. Orders were given, and men marched out in thousands. Then rose that roar, and they marched back again, mourning their dead.

At last came a day when, opening his eyes, Godwin turned to rest them on Masouda, and, lo, she was gone, and in her accustomed place there sat a man whom he knew well-Egbert, once bishop of Nazareth.

"Where am 1?" he asked.

"Outside the walls of Jerusalem, my sou, a prisoner in the camp of Saladin," was the answer,

"And where is Masouda, who has sat by me all these days?"

"In heaven, I trust," came the gentle answer, "for she was a brave lady. It is I who have sat by you."

Then Godwin remembered the truth and, groaning, fell asleep. Afterward, as he grew stronger, Egbert told him all the story. He learned that when he was found lying senseless on the body of Masouda the emirs wished Saladin to kill him if for no other reason because he had dashed out the eye of the holy imaum with a lamp. But the sultan, who had discovered the truth, would not, for he said that it was unworthy of the imaum to have mocked his grief and that Sir Godwin had dealt with him as he deserved.

So the imaum lost both his eye and his vengeance.

Thus it had come about that the bishop Egbert was ordered to nurse him and if possible to save his life, and when at last they marched upon Jerusalem soldiers were told off to bear his litter, and a good tent was set apart to cover him. Now the slege of the holy city had begun, and there was much slaughter on both sides.

"Will it fall?" asked Godwin. them," answered Egbert. "Alas, I fear

"Will not Saladin be merciful?" he asked again.

"Why should he be merciful, my son, since they have refused his terms and defied him? Nay, he has sworn that as Godfrey took the place nigh upon a hundred years ago and slaughtered the Mussulmans who dwelt there by thousands-men, women and children together-so will he do to the Christians. Oh, why should he spare them? They must die. They must die." And, wringing his hands, Egbert left the tent.

Godwin lay still, wondering what the answer to this riddle might be. He could think of one, and one only. In Jerusalem was Rosamund, the sultan's niece, whom he must desire to recapture, above all things, not only because she was of his blood, but since he feared that if he did not do so his vision concerning her would come to nothing.

Now, what was this vision, that through Rosamund much slaughter should be spared. Well, if Jerusalem were saved, would not tens of thousands of Moslem and Christian lives be saved also? Oh, surely here was the answer, and some angel had put it into his heart, and now he prayed for strength to plant it in the heart of Saiadin for strength and opportunity.

This very day Godwin found the opportunity. As he lay dozing in his tent that evening, being still too weak to rise, a shadow fell upon him, and, opening his eyes, he saw the sultan himself standing alone by his bedside. Now he strove to rise to salute him, but in a kind voice Saladin bade him lie still and, seating himself, began to talk

"Sir Godwin," he said, "I am come to ask your pardon. When I sent you te visit that dead woman, who had suffered justly for her crime, I did an act unworthy of a king."

"I thank you, sire, who were always noble," answered Godwin,

"You say so. Yet I have done things to you and yours that you can scarcely hold as noble," said Saladin. "Say, Sir Godwin, is that story which they tell in the camps true that a vision came to you before the battle of Hattin and that you warned the leaders of the Franks not to advance against me?"

"Yes, it is true," answered Godwin, and he told the vision and of how he had sworn to it on the rood.

"Do you wonder, then, Sir Godwin, that I also believe my vision which came to me thrice in the night season, bringing with it the picture of the very face of my niece, the Princess of Baal-

"I do not wonder; but, sultan, I who have seen a vision speak to you who also have seen a vision-a prophet to a a moment Godwin stood thus till prophet."

"Say on." said Saladin, gazing at him earnestly.

"See, now, O Salah-ed-din, the princess Rosamund is in Jerusalem. She has been led to Jerusalem that you may spare it for her sake, and thus make an end of bloodshed and save the lives of folk uncounted,"

"Never?" said the sultan, springing "They have rejected my mercy, and I have sworn to sweep them away. man, woman and child, and be avenged upon all their unclean and faithless rage.

"Is Rosamund unclean that you would be avenged upon her? Will her dead body bring you peace? If Jerusalem is put to the sword she must perish "I will give orders that she is to be

saved-that she may be judged for her crime by me," he added grimly. "How can she be saved when the stormers are drunk with slaughter and

she but one disguised woman among 10,000 others?" "Then," he answered, stamping his foot, "she shall be brought or dragged

Then without more words Saladin left the tent with a troubled brow.

out of Jerusalem before the slaughter

Within Jerusalem all was misery, all was despair. There were crowded thousands and tens of thousands of fugitives, women and children. The fighting men who were left had few commanders, and thus it came about that soon Wulf found himself the captain of very many of them.

First Saladin attacked from the west between the gates of St. Stephen and of St. David, but here stood strong fortresses, called the castle of the Pisans and the tower of Tancred. whence the defenders made sallies upon him, driving back his stormers. So he determined to change his ground and moved his army to the east, camping it near the valley of the Kedron.

There were in the city many who desired to surrender to the sultan, and flerce grew the debates between them and those who swore that they would rather die. At length it was agreed that an embassy should be sent. Saladin asked them what was their wish, and they replied that they had come to discuss terms. Then he answered thus:

"In Jerusalem is a certain lady, my niece, known among us as the Princess of Baalbec and among the Christians as Rosamund D'Arcy. Let her be surrendered to me that I may deal with her as she deserves, and we will talk "I fear so unless the saints help again. Till then I have no more to say."

Now, most of the embassy knew nothing of this lady, but one or two said they thought that they had heard of her, but had no knowledge of where she was hidden.

"Then return and search her out," said Saladin and so dismissed them. Back came the envoys to the council

and told what Saladin had said. "At least," exclaimed Heraclius, the patriarch, "in this matter it is easy to satisfy the sultan. Let his niece be found and delivered to him. Where is she?"

Now one declared that she was known by the knight Sir Wulf D'Arcy. with whom she had entered the city. So he was sent for and came with armor rent and red sword in hand.

"We desire to know, Sir Wulf," said the patriarch, "where you have hidden away the lady known as the Princess of Baalbec, whom you stole from the sultan?"

"What is that to your holiness?" asked Wulf shortly.

"A great deal to me and to all, seeing that Saladin will not even treat with us until she is delivered to him." "Does this council, then, propose to

hand over a Christian lady to the Saracens against her will?" asked Wulf. "Waste not our time," exclaimed the

patriarch impatiently. "We understand that you are this woman's lover, but however that may be Saladin demands her, and to Saladin she must go. So tell us where she is without more ado, Sir Wulf."

"Discover that for yourself, Sir Patriarch," replied Wulf in fury. Then, still shaking with wrath, the great knight turned and stalked from the council chamber.

"A dangerous man," said Heraclius, who was white to the lips; "a very dangerous man. I propose that he should be imprisoned."

"Aye." answered the Lord Balian of Ibelin, who was in supreme command of the city. "a very dangerous manto his foes, as I can testify."

As he spoke a messenger entered the room and said that the hiding place of Rosamund had been discovered. She had been admitted a novice into the community of the Virgins of the Holy

"I like it not," Ballan said, "for to touch her would be sacrilege.'

Then another leader rose-he was one of the party who desired peaceand pointed out that this was no time to stand on scruples, for the sultan would not listen to them in their sore plight unless the lady were delivered o him to be judged for her offense. Perhaps, being his own niece, she would, in fact, suffer no harm at his hands, and, whether this were so or not, it was better that one should endure wrong, or even death, than many. With such words be overpersuaded

the most of them, so that in the end they rose and went to the convent of the Holy Cross. The stately abbess received them in the refectory.

"Daughter," said the patriarch, "you have in your keeping a lady named Resamund D'Arcy, with whom we desire to speak. Where is she?"



"I have sworn to sweep them away."

"The novice Rosamund," answered the abbess, "prays by the holy altar in the chapel."

Now one murmured, "She has taken sanctuary," but the patriarch said:

"Tell us, daughter, does she pray alone?"

"A knight guards her prayers," was the answer. "Ah, as I thought. He has been be-

forehand with us. Also, daughter, surely your discipline is somewhat lax if you suffer knights thus to invade your chapel. But lead us thither." Presently they were in the great, dim

place where the lamps burned day and night. There by the altar, built, it was said, upon the spot where the Lord stood to receive judgment, they saw a kneeling woman who, clad in the robe of a novice, grasped the stonework with her hands. Without the rails, also kneeling, was the knight Wulf, still as' a statue on a sepulcher. Hearing them, he rose, turned him about and drew his great sword.

"Sheathe that sword!" commanded

Heraclius. 'When I became a knight," answered Wulf. "I swore to defend the innocent from harm and the altars of God from sacrilege at the hands of wicked men. Therefore I sheathe not my sword."

"Take no need of him," said one, and Heraclius, standing back in the aisle, addressed Rosamund.

"Daughter," he cried, "with bitter grief we are come to ask of you a sacrifice—that you should give yourself for the people, as our Master gave himself for the people. Saladin demands you as a fugitive of his blood, and until you are delivered to him he will not treat with us for the saving of the city. Come forth, then, we pray you."

"I risked my life and I believe another gave her life," Rosamund said. that I might escape from the power of the Moslems. I will not come forth to return to them."

"Then, our need being sore, we must take you," answered Heraclius sullenly. "What!" she cried. "You, the patriarch of this sacred city, would tear me from the sanctuary of its holiest altar? Oh, then, indeed shall the curse fall upon it and you!"

Now they consulted together, some taking one side and some the other, but the most of them declared that she must be given up to Saladin.

"Come of your own will, I pray you," said the patriarch, "since we would not take you by force." Then the abbess spoke.

"Sirs, will you commit so great a crime? Then I tell you that it cannot go without its punishment. With this lady I say," and she drew up her tall shape, "that it shall be paid for in your blood and mayhap in the blood of all of us."

"I absolve you from the sin," shouted the patriarch, "If sin it is!"

"Absolve yourself," broke in Wulf sternly, "and know this: I am but one man, but I have some strength and skill. If you seek but to lay a hand upon the novice Rosamund to hale her away to be slain by Saladin, as he has sworn that he would do should she dare to fly from him, before I die there are those among you who have looked the last upon the light."

Now the patriarch raved and stormed, and one among them cried that they would fetch bows and shoot Wulf down from a distance.

(To be Continued)

A Menace to Health.

Kidney trouble is an insidious danger, and many people are victims of a serious malady before the symptoms are recognized. Foley's Kidney Cure corrects irregularities and strengthens and builds up the kidneys, and it should be taken at the first indication of kidney trouble, as it is impossible to have good health if the kidneys are deranged. Sold by Ed Greene.